



The Home Department

Conducted by
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The Harvest

Once more the liberal year laughs out

O'er richer store than gems or gold;

Once more in harvest song and shout
Is nature's boldest triumph told.
Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;

Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O, favors old, yet ever new;
O, blessings with the sunshine sent!

The bounty overruns our due;
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes; the bowers bloom on;

We murmur; but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts its shine behind us still

Gives to us, with our rugged soil,
The power to make it Eden fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot today?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom?

Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board at home?

Thank heaven, instead, that freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold!
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with northern ices cold.

And by these altars wreathed with flowers,
And fields with fruit awake again,
Thanksgiving for the golden hours—
The early and the later rain!

—John G. Whittier.

The Home Festival Month

The crisp, cool days are with us again, and the harvests are gathered. We know what the year has brought us, and the time of doubt and fears is past. We can "balance our books," and know which side of the account is heaviest. We have so much to be thankful for, after the hot, prostrating, anxious days of summer, and not only thankful as individuals, but as a nation. To be sure, everything is not just as we should like it to be in all cases; but when we "count our mercies," and look across the big water to where desolation and death hang like heavy storm clouds over the broken and ruined homes, we turn our eyes to "our own" with heartiest thanks that our own country is at peace with all the world.

Many homes will not be blest with the abundance of past years, but all of thankfulness is not in simply having enough and to spare of the material wants of earth. Sorrows may come to us; may already have come; but it has overtaken us as individuals—not as a nation. So we should "rejoice and be glad" and give thanks for the many blessings that we, as a family, as a nation, enjoy, and try to give to others, less fortunate than ourselves, the tenderest sympathy and brotherly love. Instead of the "loaded" tables, and the burdened stomachs, let us be thankful with the spirit of gratitude, and resolve to better deserve the blessings of the years to come. Let us be thankful, even for discipline, and look upon the mis-

fortunes that have perhaps befallen us, as the chiseling of God's love, to fit us for the higher service which may be required of us, here, or hereafter. Instead of gloomy forebodings, let us look on the bright side, and seek for the hidden blessing in every shadow that may fall upon our pathway.

Cold Weather and the Children

Do you live in a city, or a large town, where every mother tries to dress her children as others do, no matter how poorly suited either to the child or the season, the style of clothing is? For the past few mornings we have had more or less bad weather—rain, and chill, such as the early autumn brings. Where the streets and walks are "made," there was, of course, no mud; but there was water, and cold pavements in plenty, as the chill rains trickled along the ways the little feet must tread. Where the sidewalks were poor, or where there were none, it was very bad walking for the children—especially the "kindergarten" class. Most of the school children had raincoats, and other more or less protecting wraps, about their bodies; but the feet! In far too many instances, they were clad in thin stockings and slippers, or low shoes, leaving the little limbs bare to the damp winds from the slipper tops to the little knees, and even higher than that, with some of them.

If you had seen them take off their outer wraps, you would see lawns, muslins, calicoes, gingham, with low necks and short sleeves, and a very large majority of the little ones had very little in the way of petticoats, or underwear. Some of them had rubbers over the little slippers, but the thin leather would be soaked with the rains by the time they reached the school house.

Many of these little ones had coughs, or catarrhs, and most of them were thin and delicate-looking, with very little color in their faces or "spring" in their walk. The teachers say that many of them are poorly "breakfasted," and the little lunch they bring is not always suitable for them. And one can but wonder why mothers will subject these little babies to such disease-breeding conditions, even if the older children are sent out to care for themselves. The babies do not know what to do; they do not know, really, what is the matter, when they are cold and hungry.

Affected by the "High Costs"

One of our brother readers tells us that the cost of courtship is also affected by the high prices. He demonstrates that the loneliness of the self-supporting hall-room girls and boys is not merely because they can find no common grounds of meeting, but that the cost of meeting and the machinery of getting acquainted has advanced so much that the men working for an average salary can no longer meet the requirements without going into debt for customary expenses, or resorting to robbery of the till of their employers for the necessary funds. It is the dollar mark that stands between. The price of any pleasure separates the middle class men and women, and the "pleasure" question has become a problem. A man struggling to get a foothold in his business or profession can not pay the price of social pleasure as

now demanded, and contents himself with doing without, and evading debts. For a brief outing, the trolley is tabooed; it must be an automobile or a taxicab, or a carriage, for any evening entertainment, with costly cut flowers, and other extravagances; and florists' prices have climbed with other things.

The modern "business girl" spends her salary for smart clothes, and expects the man to entertain up to the clothes. Foregoing his loneliness and inclination for social pleasure and mutual entertainment, he absents himself from gatherings where he would be most welcome. But our brother insists that courtship is not so much a matter of money as it is the kind of girl. Many girls would gladly refuse the expensive attentions for the sake of the man, himself, if it were not for "what others will say," and many other girls would welcome the chance of enjoying an evening which she knows has not restricted the self-respect of the boy because of the lack of money extravagances would call for. In olden times, one could have a whole evening's frolic and fun, and be the better for it, at a dime sociable or singing school; the walk to and fro would cost nothing, and be a memory to dwell on even down to old age.

The Song of "Hard Times"

It goes without saying that nearly everything we use will cost more than usual during the coming winter. But the experience will be "worth while" if it teaches our home folks to be more careful about saving. In every home there is too much wasted, and it is not the housewife who does all the wasting. Every one of the family does his or her share, and one of the blessings that may follow would be to teach us to heed the command to "gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." In every department of the home there is waste and wanton carelessness, and the children should be taught to look after their own heedless ways. Economy means not parsimony, nor undue stinting; but it does mean to make everything count—to get the full value of every dime or nickel, and to make the best use of everything we have. We have hundreds of recipes for "making over left-over" scraps of food. But the best way to do is to have just as few left-overs as possible. Children should not be allowed to "mess" over their food until it is only fit for the garbage pail; but they should be given only what one is reasonably sure they will eat; more than that is simple waste. If they find they have more on their plate than their appetite calls for, teach them to leave it in a condition where it may be put on a smaller dish and set away for use at another meal, even though in a different form. A child who is allowed to take a slice of bread and, after leaving the table with it, eat a few mouthfuls and then throw the slice away, should be made to understand that such things can not be. Grown folks are nearly as bad, in some things. It should be impressed on their mind that such is a bad example to set to the younger ones, and is very reprehensible in them for their own sakes. In the matter of clothing, bed clothing, cooking utensils, and with odds and ends of furniture, it is the same

wasteful way of casting aside. Many a dollar can be saved by looking after the dime.

Information Wanted

Several readers have asked for directions for keeping the outer walls of a brick house from becoming discolored inside by dampness. The trouble with brick, as with other houses, is that they are put up to sell, with little regard to durability or comfort. The rains wash the poor mortar from between the bricks, and the water soaks in if the wall is thin, and makes the inside wall wet, or at best, damp. In former years, better materials were used, and the mortar did not wash out so badly; little was known of this discomfort. It is claimed that if the outside of the walls are well painted, the matter will be helped. Will some of our brothers who are builders tell us what to do?

Hyacinths that bloomed in pots last winter should not be used again as house bloomers; they should be bedded out in October or November, and left to recuperate and in several years they will give very good bloom again. The Chinese sacred lily should be planted in the fall, and left in the ground. These will grow and in a couple of years will give a few blooms in the garden. Where the hyacinths bloom almost before the flower spike has pushed out of the soil, it is because the top began growing before it was well rooted. To lengthen the spike, if it is discovered that it will be short, put a paper cone over the top, and keep the plant cool. A well rooted bulb will send up a stalk of normal length. Single hyacinths give more satisfaction than the double flowered.

The best wild grape for ornamental vines and for satisfactory fruit, is the

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One of his patients says:

"During the summer just past I suffered terribly with a heavy feeling at the pit of my stomach and dizzy feelings in my head and then a blindness would come over my eyes so I would have to sit down. I would get so nervous I could hardly control my feelings.

"Finally I spoke to our family physician about it and he asked if I drank much coffee and mother told him that I did. He told me to immediately stop drinking coffee and drink Postum in its place as he and his family had used Postum and found it a powerful rebuildier and delicious food-drink.

"I hesitated for a time, disliking the idea of having to give up my coffee but finally I got a package and found it to be all the doctor had said.

"Since drinking Postum in place of coffee my dizziness, blindness and nervousness are all gone, my bowels are regular and I am again well and strong. That is a short statement of what Postum has done for me."

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